THE
Country-Houſe.

By Mr. MORRICE.

O fortunatos nimium———
Agricolas——— VIRGIL.

DUBLIN:
Printed by and for J. CARSON, in *Coghill's-Court, Dame-ſtreet,*
oppoſite to the *Caſtle-Market,* 1735.

13463.7
Harvard College Library
May 7, 1912.
Gift of
Charles Jackson
of Boston

THE

Country-Houſe.

BEYOND a Park's extenſive Limits, ſtands
A *lonely Dwelling*, fram'd by ruſtick Hands;
Which from the diſtant Gazer, ſeems to hide
It's *Structure*, void of *ornamental Pride*:
This *Seat* is founded well on gravel Ground;
A *River*, *Meadow*, *Wood*, and *Hill* ſurround:
It's nearely-plac'd,—— Conveniencies are
An *Orchard* fruitful, and a *Garden* fair.
Here *Health* and *Peace* with Moderation dwell,
And *courtly Riches* and Renown excel:

Hence *Faction* like a noxious Vapour flys;
Here angry *Diſcord* unſupported dyes;
CONTENTMENT rears her 'beatifick Mein,
As ſoft as vernal Airs! as *Summers* Skies ſerene!
The Land here well requites the *Tiller's* Care,
The *Glebe* prolifick, taintleſs is the *Air*.
Here *Heaven* and *Nature* amicably ſmile,
And yield *Acquaintance* gracious as the Soil;
Here in the bord'ring Villages who dwell,
In moſt unaſh'onable Truth excell:
No *faithleſs Statesman* here, to Wealth proceeds,
And on the *Vitals* of his Country feeds;
Here dwells the *thrifty Husbandman*, who knows
How *Markets* riſe, how *Hay* or *Barly* goe's:
While with uncircumventing *Head* and *Hand*,
He feeds his *Family*, improves his *Land*:
No *Paſtor Prieſt* that do's Religion mock,
That guides or ſaves not, but *devoures his Flock*;
Or wears with lazy *Pride*, the *golden Fleece*;
Or ſows *Sedition* in the room of *Peace*:
But here his *Sheep* an *honeſt Shepherd* feeds,
Whoſe *Piety* his Income far exceeds;
Who is by far more eloquent than loud,
More *True* than *Factious*, and more *Learn'd*, than *Proud*.

No *Jilt* is here that's both demure and gay,
At *Times* alike diſpos'd—— to Cheat— and Pray;
That can diſpence in her perverted *Heart*,
To wrong herſelf, and her ſuperior *Part*;
From Ways profuſe, and *modiſh* breach of *Vows*,
Free is the *Houſewife* here, and faithful *Spouſe*:
None idly here of *Things* unknown debate,
Reform the *Church*, or rectify the *State*;
His proper Occupation each purſues,
And ſinks not in *Philoſophy*, or *News*:
None here attempt, renouncing *Truth* and *Shame*,
To court the *Preſent*, th' *Abſent* to defame;
None here, thro' native *Dullneſs*, *Senſe* defy;
Thro' native *Vileneſs*, Excellence decry:
With *courtly Falſhood*, or with *courtly Pride*,
None here the *Worthy* ruin, or deride;
None here (to ſelf-conceited Greatneſs grown)
Diſdain all Arts and Notions, but their own;
Each is inclin'd his Judgment to diſpence,
By never erring Rules of common Senſe;
To do good Turns each is ſincerely bent,
And not to Scandalize—— and Compliment:
No *Cælias* are to loſs of Fame betray'd,
By ſplendid *Treat*, or Courtly *Maſquerade*;

Here

Here, Nymphs and Swains (unnoxious as their Sleep)
A mutual Promiſe make, and mean to keep;
Their *merry Gambols* play, without Deſign
To Flatter, or Seduce, or Undermine.
None here is vers'd in the *detracting Art*,
No *Sycophant* is here, with double Tongue and Heart;
No *Prude* that feigns averſion to Mankind,
Heaven in her *Looks*, and *Brothels* in her Mind;
No ſmart *Cocquets* impertinent and vain,
T'inſnare and triumph—artful *Kindneſs* feign;
No *Fop* is here affectedly employ'd,
Of *Senſe* and *Soul*, as true *Politeneſs* void;
But the plain-meaning honeſt ſimple *Clown*,
And lively *Laſſes*, clad in *Ruſſet Gown*,
In *Summer's* Day, to range the Fields invite,
And paſs in *Tales* and *Songs*, the *Winter's* Night;
The Noiſes here, are of the *Cock's* that crow,
The *Geeſe* that gabble, or the *Herds* that low,
Or *Flocks* that bleat——no hoarcely-murm'ring ſound,
No buzzing Crowds, the grated Ear confound;
Here *Echo*——Sounds returns, in mimic Scorn:
Here ſoaring *Larks* ſalute the riſing Morn;
The *Moon* here gliſtens in the bord'ring Vale,
And *Philomela* chaunts her ſadly-pleaſing Tale:

To

To Mediation courteouſly t'invite,
To chear the Senſe, the Fancy to delight,
Here purls the trickling Font, the fragrant Breeze
Here paſſing hiſſes thro' the whiſp'ring Trees;
The Woods, the Hills, the Vallies all around,
Diffuſe the ſwift Catcade's reverberated ſound.

Here, have I oft (of all Diſturbance void)
Enter'd my ſelf, and all my ſelf enjoy'd;
Here have I oft endulg'd this pleaſing Theme,
My Thoughts ſoft-flowing like a ſecret Stream;
Here have I thought *Man's Happineſs* regain'd,
Myſelf compos'd, ſecure, and unreſtrain'd;
From *Toil* and *ruffling Cares* remotely laid,
As *Adam* once in *Edan's* bliſsful Shade!
My roving *Thoughts* here freely us'd to trace
Each erring Maze of his perverted Race;
How vile are Courts? where *Merit* is a Crime!
Where Men, thro' *graceleſs Deeds*, to Glory climb;
Where *Wealth* from All things, bears away the *Prize*;
And where 'tis Madneſs to be *Juſt* and *Wiſe*;
Where *Truth*, thro' *Blindneſs*, meets with no *Regard*;
And *Wit*, thro want of *Bounty*——no *Reward*;

But

But *Here*, be ſacred Innocence ador'd,
Let *Here*, be fair *Integrity* reſtor'd;
Let ſimple *Judgment* here, remote from *Pride*,
(Altho' not greatly) fairly ſtill decide;
Here, let me hug thy Image, gracious RIGHT!
Nor think that *Juſtice* is departed quite;
But think that *She*, and Her *cæleſtial Train*,
Once more deſcending, bleſs the *rural Plain*.

Advertiſement.

RURAL FELICITY;

OR,

The Delight and Excellence of Retirement:

An EPISTLE to a Friend. By the Author of this

Sold by Mr. *Exſhaw* on the *Blind Key*.